

**Samuel Stewart****"Dear Jon"**

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I think I saw you in the car of a speeding train  
It was heading to Paris in the autumn rain

For a fraction of a second our glances met  
Split my head wide open and my brain got wet

Though I'm pretty sure I saw you at the factory,  
Don't think shoes and disco anthems live up the party

Makin' up for petty loses  
Buying time with discount wine  
Might as well be naughts and crosses, the way we  
waste our time

Dear Jon  
Did no one inform ya?  
I waited for you off North California  
That's where you said you'd go

Dear Jon  
I wrote to ya to warn ya  
I ain't going to stay here in North California  
If you make it there, won't you let me know

Oh well, I'm certain that I saw you in the middle of a  
festival crowd  
Making jokes about the heroes of the underground

There were busy nights out, dizzy nights in  
Where does it end lord? When does it begin?  
Heaven knows that was love at the roots our sin

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Thanks to Meru

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